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AMERICA FIRST

The honor of making the first all-air trip across the Atlantic belongs to the American navy, now that Lieutenant-Commander Read has reached Lisbon. Harry Hawker, the intrepid Australian, made a bold dash and would have succeeded but for engine trouble; he fell into the sea and was picked up and had to complete his journey by ship. While London was doing him honor, the ancient capital of Portugal was on a festive welcoming of the Americans. Lisbon has had many thrills and has joyed and sorrowed much in her long career. She has been captured and devastated time and again, and at one time all but destroyed by the bloody duke of Braganza. When the eighteenth century was three parts gone an earthquake came along and swallowed up 30,000 of her people. The most curious thing about this earthquake to scholars is the fact that while the great Dr. Johnson was credulous enough to believe in the Cock Lane and other ghosts, he never would believe in the earthquake at Lisbon and died stoutly denying that it ever had happened.

The Portuguese were always great navigators and proud and jealous of their prestige. When Columbus, with his little caravels, sailed from Palos to seek the east by way of the west, the Portuguese sent Vasco de Gama to India by rounding the cape. He was successful. With him sailed Luiz de Camoens, a young man who immortalized the dangerous cruise in his famous epic, the Lusiad. This was written in India, where he sojourned 16 years. They encountered hurricanes and the little ships were like cockle shells, and Camoens' description of "a storm at sea" is a classic among classics. He also found and named and catalogued more snakes and serpents and reptiles than can be found in any work on natural history, and if he had lived to address his great powers to a description of the airplane flight across the Atlantic the world would have another great epic to add to its treasures.

There will not likely be any dispute over the great honor just won by the American navy. The English are good sportsmen, and while Hawker accomplished a wonderful feat and actually made the first landing on European soil, his flight was not wholly through the air, because of accident to his machinery. Commander Read halted at the Azores and was delayed on account of blustering weather. His plane was in good condition and when finally it rose out of the water and proceeded to Lisbon it was the same as when he started from Trepassey. He swooped down over the sluggish Tagus and settled on the water of the sea as gracefully as a swan alights. He was across. He made the all-air trip, the first in the world's history, and he won for himself a conspicuous place in the annals of mankind.

Air navigation involves a distinct triumph of mechanical genius over matter. To endow insensate material things with the power to overcome gravity so that they not only can lift themselves from the ground and propel themselves through the air, but also carry additional weight, is a feat that was not conceivable until modern times, and when we reflect that it may be only the beginning, the infancy of aerial navigation, the imagination finds itself incapable of exploring the possibilities of the future.

The great Beecher always ridiculed the idea of putting wings on angels, and it may be that the smart set among the heavenly denizens will provide themselves with highly improved airplanes in the years to come. The world used to boast of its seven wonders, but this wonder of the twentieth century is worth them all.

The Hindu yogi, by sheer force of will power, has accomplished self-levitation and raised himself to any desired altitude and conveyed himself from place to place. He has done this with his mind, and, in the argot of the streets, it may only have been "in his mind." There is no doubt about the airship. It is accessible to the senses and can be seen and felt and heard.

The Australian had the dash, but the American had the get-there quality.

RECOGNITION

The judiciary committee and the committee on foreign relations are ideal assignments for members of the senate with a profound knowledge of constitutional law and a familiarity with international diplomacy. In contrast with some of the other committees it is not customary for a member of the senate to seek a place on either; it is the policy of the senate to seek the member, and to be guided in the selection by his qualifications.

The selection of Senator Shields for membership on both committees is a compliment out of the ordinary, and a well merited recognition of the ability displayed during the time the Democrats were in the majority. When the time came for the Republicans to increase their membership and reduce the Democratic membership it is worthy of mention that Senator Shields, although one of the youngest members in point of service, was retained. It reflects credit upon the state to have a senator recognized by his colleagues as a profound lawyer and student, and acclaimed by some as the greatest constitutional lawyer in the body.

The selection of Prof. Wharton S. Jones as superintendent of the Memphis public schools was taken as a matter of course. The schools have had a good year, the work has been well done, and there seems to be harmony in all departments. It would have been a mistake to suggest a change, and it is difficult to believe that opposition to Prof. Jones was brewing. Certainly it was a tempest in a teapot, for the people generally are satisfied with the conduct of the schools, and if there is any cause for complaint we have not heard of it. Prof. Jones has given more years to the Memphis schools than any other man in the service and he has been faithful and efficient. He was entitled to re-election and it was a good thing for the schools.

A city commissioner is quoted as saying: "We have already agreed that the (city tax) rate will be \$2.20. Really, it would take a rate of \$2.80 to tide the city over, but we will try to get along at \$2.20." To say the least, this is a frank admission to come from Mayor Monteverde's administration. The unprecedented tax rate and the almost unprecedented tax rate of \$2.20 is a mere subterfuge. The machine will operate on a basis of \$2.80 and the deficit will be laid up against the property of the city, to be absorbed at some future time, in order that present and pressing political debts may be paid. There has scarcely been the equal of such liberality with other people's money.

The progressives in congress were not strong enough to withstand the old guard of standpat Republicans. By joining the Democrats they can prevent unwise and too greedy legislation.

Wonder What a Fourteen-Months-Old Baby Thinks About—By Briggs

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I'VE GOT SO I CAN PLAY GAMES NOW. MY DAD LIKES TO PLAY WITH ME WHEN HE COMES HOME—I GUESS IT RESTS HIM.

I'LL SHOW YOU ONE GAME WE Specially LIKE. I DON'T CARE SO MUCH FOR IT BUT IT AMUSES MY PARENTS SO WHY NOT HUNOR THEM?

FIRST I GET BEHIND THIS CURTAIN—LIKE THIS SO THEY CAN'T SEE ME AND—THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN—

I PUSH THE CURTAIN ASIDE SO—AND HOLLER SOMETHING AND THEY SAY 'PEEK'—IT'S AWFUL SILLY BUT THEY SEEM TO ENJOY IT.

WELL THAT'S ABOUT ALL THERE IS TO IT—IT'S A VERY SIMPLE GAME—I'LL TRY IT AGAIN—

WEE!—THERE'S EVA MY NURSE LOOKING AT ME—SHE LIVES TO PLAY IT TOO—IT'S FUNNY HOW LITTLE IT TAKES TO AMUSE PEOPLE.

HA—HAH—H—THERE'S 'MELIA OUR COOK AND SIGMA—SHE DANCES WITH ME. I WONDER IF THEY'LL COME ACROSS WITH A LITTLE FOOD.

—I'M GETTING THOSE HUNGRY PAINS—I'LL HAFTA START DAULING—MUCH AS I DISLIKE TO DO IT BUT IT DOES GET RESULTS.

The Wonderful Stories of Oz By L. Frank Baum

Mr. H. M. Woggle-Bug, T. E.



Now, General Jinjur—who, you will remember, commanded the Army of Revolt—was rendered very uneasy by the escape of the Scarecrow from the Emerald City. She feared, and with good reason, that if his Majesty and the Tin Woodman, his faithful companions, who had passed successfully through so many startling adventures, Jinjur sent post-haste for old Mombi, the witch, and promised her large rewards if she would come to the assistance of the rebel army.

Mombi was furious at the trick Tip had played upon her, as well as at his escape and the theft of the precious powder of life, so she needed no urging to induce her to travel to the Emerald City to assist Jinjur in defeating the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman, who had made Tip one of their friends.

Mombi had no sooner arrived at the royal palace than she discovered, by means of her secret magic, that the adventurers were starting upon their journey to the Emerald City. She retired to a small room high up in a tower and looked herself in while she practiced such arts as she could command to prevent the return of the Scarecrow and his companions.

That night the Tin Woodman presently stopped and said:

"Something very curious has happened tonight. I know by heart every step of this journey, and yet I fear we have already lost our way." " protested the Scarecrow. "Why do you think, my dear friend, that we have gone astray?"

"Well, here before us is a great field of sunflowers—and I never saw this field before in all my life."

"At these words they all looked around, only to find that they were indeed surrounded by a field of tall stalks, whose heads, bearing a golden disk, resembled a giant sunflower. And not only were these flowers almost blinding in their vivid hues of red and gold, but each one whirled around upon its stalk like a miniature windmill, completely dazzling the vision of the beholders and so mystifying them that they knew not which way to turn.

"The witchcraft!" exclaimed Tip. "While they pause and wonder, the Tin Woodman uttered a cry of impatience and advanced with a determined step. He was the first to step of this journey, and yet I fear we have already lost our way." " protested the Scarecrow. "Why do you think, my dear friend, that we have gone astray?"

"Stop! stop!" cried Tip, seizing the Woodman's arm. "They're alive! they're girls!"

At that moment the flowers began whirling again, and the faces faded away, and were lost in the rapid revolve.

The Tin Woodman dropped his ax and sat down upon the ground. "It would be heart-breaking to chop down those pretty creatures," said he, despondently; "and yet I do not know how else we can proceed upon our way."

They looked to me strangely like the faces of the Army of Revolt," mused the Scarecrow. "But I cannot conceive how the girls could have followed us here so quickly."

"I believe it's magic," said Tip, positively; "and that someone is playing a trick upon us. I've known old Mombi do things like that before. Probably there's nothing more than an illusion, and there are no sunflowers here at all."

"Excuse me," replied the Scarecrow. "My eyes are not so dazzled that I cannot see what is before me. I have seen you happen to have tin eyelids, you must not imagine we are all built the same way."

"And the eyes of the Saw-Horse are knot eyes," said Jack, leaning forward to examine them.

"Nevertheless, you must ride quickly forward," commanded Tip, "and we will be changed the appearance of the landscape. The Scarecrow and the Tin Woodman brought up the rear, and before they had gone many yards a joyful shout from Jack announced that the way was clear before them.

"Then all passed to look backward, but not a trace of the field of sunflowers remained.

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